Lord Kitchener's "Daughters," page 1660.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

Duke's Son and Cook's Son.

Lots of the bloods will follow the Duke of Westminster's example and skedaddle off to the war—many of them with reasons of their own, in which mere patriotism will play a minor part. Rupert Guinness, for instance, though full of keen instinct for the scrum with the Deutschers, will have reasons of his own for a year or two's respite "on the Continong!" So will Major Archer Shee! Lord Castlereagh will be saved a lot of silly speeches in South Kensington, and Lord Lewisham ditto in West Bromwich. Lord Henry Cavendish Bentinck will be very glad to put a respectful distance between himself and the journalistic swasher who has of late been trying to kid his Lordship to get his brother at Welbeck to start a (perhaps!) comic paper! At one time Lord Henry really believed the rot that was told him about the prospects of a rival to *Punch*, but the Duke's son sometimes has as keen a business instinct as the Cook's son!

* * *

A Resented Royal War Betrothal.

Other people who are not sorry about the war may be looked for amongst the Royalties, and in the least expected quarter. I hear from a friend in Meiningen that a young lady there was delighted at King George's ultimatum to the Kaiser. She is Princess Adhelheid of Saxe-Meiningen, and some time ago she was courted somewhat ardently by the Kaiser's sailor son, Prince Adalbert. Princess Adhelheid is only twenty-two, however, and she was by no means in love with the Prussian. Prince Adalbert is twenty-nine, and has seen life in many ports. And Princess Adhelheid knows all there is to be known about him. So she jibbed, much to the annoyance of her father, who owes something to the Hohenzollerns, and is very keen upon keeping in with them.

* * *

"Once Aboard the Lugger———!"

However, the passion seems to be serious enough on the part of the Kaiser's son, and directly Russia forced Germany to declare herself, and to prepare, Prince Adalbert, determined not to be left in doubt, went to Meiningen in a hurry, again popped the question, and the Meiningen princess, with her heart in her mouth, said the word without which Prince Adalbert said he would not leave, though his ship awaited him at Kiel. So the engagement took place, and everybody is pleased, except the lady, who is, I hear, hoping that the war will keep going for another year or two, until she can be sure of her own mind. Some women never know their own minds until they have got a "plain gold band" on their fingers—when, of course, they decide that it is quite all right!

* * *

Rods the Kaiser Has Laid in Pickle.

I am glad to hear that Queen Augusta Victoria, Manoel's pretty young spouse, is well again after her recent operation. I do hope King Manoel is dealing more gently with his charming Hohenzollern princess since the *contretemps* at Dresden! Anyway, they are, as they always were, very much smitten with each other, and the other day, when Queen Augusta Victoria drove into Buckingham Palace with her husband she looked simply radiant. Whether that was because King Manoel is so keen on getting to the front I wouldn't like to say, but the fact is, the Roman Catholic Hohenzollerns are no fonder of the Berlin Hohenzollerns than we are! The Kaiser has laid up a lot of rods for himself during the last quarter of a century, and if he doesn't get home in the war, many of these rods will emerge from their safe concealment "after many years!"

* * *

Eager to Avenge His Great-Grandfather's Leg.

The rush to arms of the blue blood of Britain for King and Country of course includes the Marquess of Anglesey, once of the Blues, but now of the Reserve of Officers, and eager—and ready—to avenge his great-grandfather's leg. The marquessate of Anglesea, by the way, was the Paget's reward for their brilliant great grandfather at Waterloo. (The Anglesey marquessate had before that been in the Annesley family). Waterloo was something of a godsend to the lucky Pagets, for they were very much out of countenance when the titanic struggle of 1815 took place.

The Earl of Uxbridge, whose leg still remains not far from the scene of Waterloo, had been very "hot stuff." (Perhaps that was why George IV. was so fond of him!) Anyway, he made things hum for years. He first married a daughter of the 4th Earl of Jersey, and when she had obliged him with eight children, he returned from Spain, and ran away with Lady Charlotte Wellesley, wife of the future first Earl Cowley, Wellington's brother. Lady Charlotte was a daughter of the first Earl Cadogan, a tremendous general in his day, and Lady Charlotte's indignant brother, Captain Cadogan, promptly called Paget out.

* * *

Lord Paget Valiantly Fires in the Air.

The duel was bloodless, as the Captain missed his man, and Lord Paget valiantly fired in the air, saying that nothing would induce him to add to the injuries he had already done the Cadogans. Then Sir Henry Wellesley brought an action for the loss of his wife, and Lord Paget had to pay him £20,000, which he found no difficulty in providing. Then Lady Paget got a divorce, and at once married the sixth Duke of Argyll. Lastly, Lord Paget had, in decency, to marry the divorced Lady Charlotte Wellesley. All these lively events took place in a single year, 1810. Two years later Lord Paget succeeded to the earldom of Uxbridge, and settled down to simple domesticity, and began the development of another family of six. His domestic dream was, however, rudely broken by Napoleon's escape from Elba.

* * *

"Here Lies the Marquess of Anglesey's Limb!"

So off he went with the Army to the Low Countries, where he commanded the cavalry at Waterloo, and lost a leg, receiving in compensation the vacated Anglesey marquessate, and a pension of twelve hundred a year, which he politely refused! His amputated leg was buried in a field, and an inscribed stone laid upon it, which gave opportunity to the waggish. They spoke of the Marquess having "one leg in the grave." They even burst into poetry, and suggested the epitaph:

Here lies the Marquess of Anglesey's limb;
The Devil will have the rest of him.

The gay Field-Marshal restored himself by means of a cork limb, on which he continued his earthly pilgrimage for many years and is still well remembered by the

Piccadilly octogenarians like Lord Clanricarde, for he only died in 1854, the only Field-Marshal outside the Royal Family. Piccadilly never presented a more delightful spectacle than the Waterloo Marquess strolling down the pavement, leaning on the arm of the Duke of Wellington, his comrade-in-arms and world-renowned chief.

* * *

Another Irishman Takes the British Army Into the Field.

Good Ould Oirlan'! Not only has Ireland presented the German Emperor with his most staggering blow—for there is no doubt he was completely obsessed with the idea that civil war was imminent in Ireland, and Britain's power in Europe nil!—but once again in the history of this Empire the spectacle is presented of the British Army being led into the field by a "broth of a bhoy" from the Green Isle. Sir John French is a member of the noble French and De Freyne families, whose motto is "I had rather die than be dishonoured!" The Frenchs are real Irishmen, and of ancient lineage. One ancestor represented Wexford in Parliament in the reign of Edward III. Another French was in the Parliaments of the late illustrious Edward VII. Lord De Freyne owns nearly all County Roscommon, and so wealthy have the Irish Frenchs always been that as far back as 1576 Peter French, who was Mayor of Galway, ordered £5,000 to be spent on a monument on his grave, while another member of the family left £1,000 for his funeral, and was "waked" for three days and nights by all Ireland!

* * *

Johnny French Put Up to Say Morning Prayers.

Sir John French was an irrepressible joker as a boy, and his people, to teach him the merits of sedateness, one morning requested him to officiate at morning prayers. He strongly objected, but had to give way. On the first morning, however, he had to read the words: "O Lord, cut us not off as cumberers of the ground." This he rendered as "O Lord, cut us not off as cucumbers of the ground!" That was the first and the last time he was allowed to read morning prayers. Whatever were the peculiarities and conceits of his Irish ancestors, Field Marshal Sir John French possesses very few of them. He was immensely applauded in South Africa (where he went through the whole campaign without one return to Engand) for refusing to be lionised in Capetown when he went down there for a fortnight's rest after a terrible buffeting on the veldt.

* * *

No Lionising During the War.

The clubs simply refused to leave him alone. They had feasted Baden-Powell, toasted Milner, and fed Bobs, and they didn't see why they should not lionise the one officer who had gone spotless through the war. But General French wasn't having any. He said he was down for a quiet holiday, and that, until the war was over, his place was at the front, not banqueting and junketing! No wonder the gallant cavalry expert is so much admired in the army.

* * *

War Stops Statue-erecting.

Down in Pall Mall there is some speculation as to why the work of removing the famous Crimean Memorial has suddenly ceased. All sorts of rumours are about, but as the work ceased actually before the present crisis in Europe broke out, it cannot be in consequence of the war. But the fact remains that a great site will have to be found for the men who fall in our Anglo-German Campaign, and opinion is still strongly divided as to precisely where the King Edward statue should be placed, although the Crimean Memorial was to be shifted a bit in order to make room for his late Majesty. The finest site in London, of course, would be on the top of the wide Admiralty Arch. This site is unique in Europe, and the statue could be made of colossal dimensions, and showing his Majesty gazing up the Strand towards the Capital of his Empire.

* * *

Argyll's Royal Widow Emerges.

As is always the case, the Royalties are the most hard-worked civilians in war-time. The Anglo-German war was responsible for bringing from her widowed retirement the late King's sister in Kensington Palace, when she came forth the other Sunday morning to give the Kensington Terriers her blessing—while General Sir Alfred Turner buzzed around very delightedly, looking for all the world like a parchment-faced old lawyer from the Temple masquerading in military uniform. What a

"Does she sing for money?"
"I don't know. The only time I ever heard her she seemed to be singing for spite."

She: "I see by this paper that I am referred to as 'one of fashion's butterflies.'"
Husband: "Considering the way you go through your clothes, I think 'moth' would apply better."

pity it was Alfy Turner shaved off his moustache! He really was a quite good-looking fellow before.

But looks are nothing. It's the man that counts, and Sir Alfred Turner is as nimble to-day as a subaltern, and as witty! He has good cause to be proud of the Kensingtons, who otherwise are the "13th Battalion the London Regiment T," of which he is Honorary Colonel, and which was up to full strength (1,000) almost before King George's ultimatum to Germany was a dry document.

* * *

Kensington's Royal Widow's Speech.

As I listened to the King's widowed aunt asking God's blessing upon the volunteers of the Royal Borough I could not help thinking how perfectly the utterances of British Royalties upon such occasions are worded, compared with the swanking bravado of *some* Royal personages! Princess Louise said to the Kensingtons, "I cannot let you go away without saying God bless you; and beseeching you to fear your God and defend your country. I hope you will come back—brave, fine fellows!" That was all. It was just all that was necessary. There were many wet eyes that sunny Sunday morning.

* * *

Will Kitchener Get a Marquessate After the War.

One curious effect of the Anglo-German war will probably be that Lord Kitchener will soar above any living soldier in point of rank. That the war was totally unforeseen before Austria declared against Servia is pretty certain, from the fact that Kitchener was elevated to an earldom on the occasion of the last Birthday Honours list, without any other excuse for so elevating him. Had the present war been foreseen they would have waited till it was over before elevating the famous Field-Marshal to the highest rank to which our great soldiers are allowed to climb.

Now, however, should success attend the British arms, Kitchener will be entitled to another degree in the Peerage, unless he be satisfied with the Garter, and so will become the only soldier in living memory who has got above an earldom. This will be a Peerage anomaly, for Kitchener has a long way to go before he equals the glorious record of Field-Marshal Earl Roberts of Kandahar, K.G.

* * *

Lord Kitchener's "Daughters!"

By the way, were the Heralds pulling Kitchener's leg when they set forth so plainly in the official gazetteering of his new titles that should his Lordship have no sons there is a "special remainder to his daughters"? We didn't know Lord Kitchener had any daughters. Nor do the Heralds! "K. of K." has never married, and it may be assumed that he never will. But there is no knowing. A still-living Field Marshal once diddled the Heralds finely when over sixty years old, and so may Lord Kitchener. When Grenfell, the Sirdar, lost the opportunity of Omdurman and Atbara, and the luck of those wonderful opportunities fell to Kitchener, Sir Francis was so disappointed that they made him a peer, thinking he was an old bear who would never marry, and have no sons to keep the title a-going! The new Lord Grenfell promptly married Miss Majendie, however, and the Grenfell coronet was assured in less than a twelvemonth! Perhaps Lord Kitchener will take a leaf out of Lord Grenfell's book! It would add to the gaiety of nations if he tried it on!

* * *

No More Sketches from Captain Mildmay.

Notwithstanding the German sneers at British conduct of the South African war our generals undoubtedly learnt a lot from that arduous struggle. It lasted the best part of three years, and practically the whole British Army was "salted" in it. Not only the generals, but many a minor officer will go to France with his teeth set, and a determination not to do things he did before. Captain Mildmay, M.P., for instance. A very gallant gentleman, the Devonshire squire has had a lot of trouble over that unfortunate affair at Vereeniging, when his column was cut up through being led into a trap by a Boer guide, and sending sketches home to the *Daily Graphic* of the exploit.

It all seemed full of heroics until the sergeants who escaped back to General Clements's camp told their side of the story. Not that Captain Mildmay was to blame.

Many a bigger man than he has been led into a worse trap—Baker Pasha, for example!—but there won't be any more sketches for the papers from Captain Mildmay, who was a youngster twelve years ago, and is now a wise man!

* * *

"Gathering Tears and Tremblings of Distress!"

Romance is, of course, inseparably associated with war, and in this war there is no lack of "hurryings to and fro, of gathering tears, and tremblings of distress." For English military lovers and husbands and wives in some of our great families, tragedy has already cast its shadows before.

I mind me of the Dowager Lady Clinton's rush down to Salop the other day for the marriage of her son, Bob Trefusis. King George had declared war upon the Kaiser; London was in a twenty-four-hour panic; all the trains were stopped, and her Ladyship had to do the journey in a motor, or miss the wedding. Lots of other relations did miss it. Bob Trefusis had been summoned to join his regiment, and the marriage was rushed through with as much haste as was his sister's up in Town forty-eight hours before!

* * *

Clinton Males Die Out Every Century.

Miss Harriet Trefusis is the youngest of the Clinton girls. Their father was the twentieth Lord Clinton, and she is twenty-three. She is one of the heirs-presumptive to the Clinton peerage—one of the oldest in Britain—and her gallant bridegroom is the son of Sir Charles Morrison-Bell, who was made a baronet nine years ago. The Clinton peerage has passed through some strange families in the course of its nine hundred years, but it would be irony indeed if it ever descended to the heirs of the rich Durham squire.

Captain Eustace Morrison-Bell is Sir Charles's third son, and he served in the South African war, and is a widower with three daughters. But he resides in Devonshire, where he is an M.P., and as all the Clintons cling to Devonshire with leech-like affection, the marriage, though a hustled one, may turn out quite all right. The Clintons are one of those grand old families which have an unfortunate tendency to run to women. Clintons always die out in the male line every century. Curious, isn't it?

* * *

Needlework at St. James's.

There have been some remarkable doings in St. James's Palace during the last week or so. When I looked in to see a friend who is assisting "Queen Mary's Needlework Guild," I found that the state rooms, where they hold all the levees, were occupied by a battalion of typists. Surely this is the first time that the click of the typewriter has been heard in these hallowed halls. Considerations of that sort do not trouble Queen Mary, who is obviously "bossing the show." The whole thing was entirely her own idea, and all the arrangements were made by her. She was worried not a little, so it is whispered, by the problem whether voluntary labour should be generally allowed. Her Majesty has collected together some wonderfully practical peeresses. Lady Northcliffe, for instance, was busily engaged in telling an enquirer exactly how much flannel goes to a shirt. The wife of Alfred Harmsworth proved herself to be an expert at "Answers!"

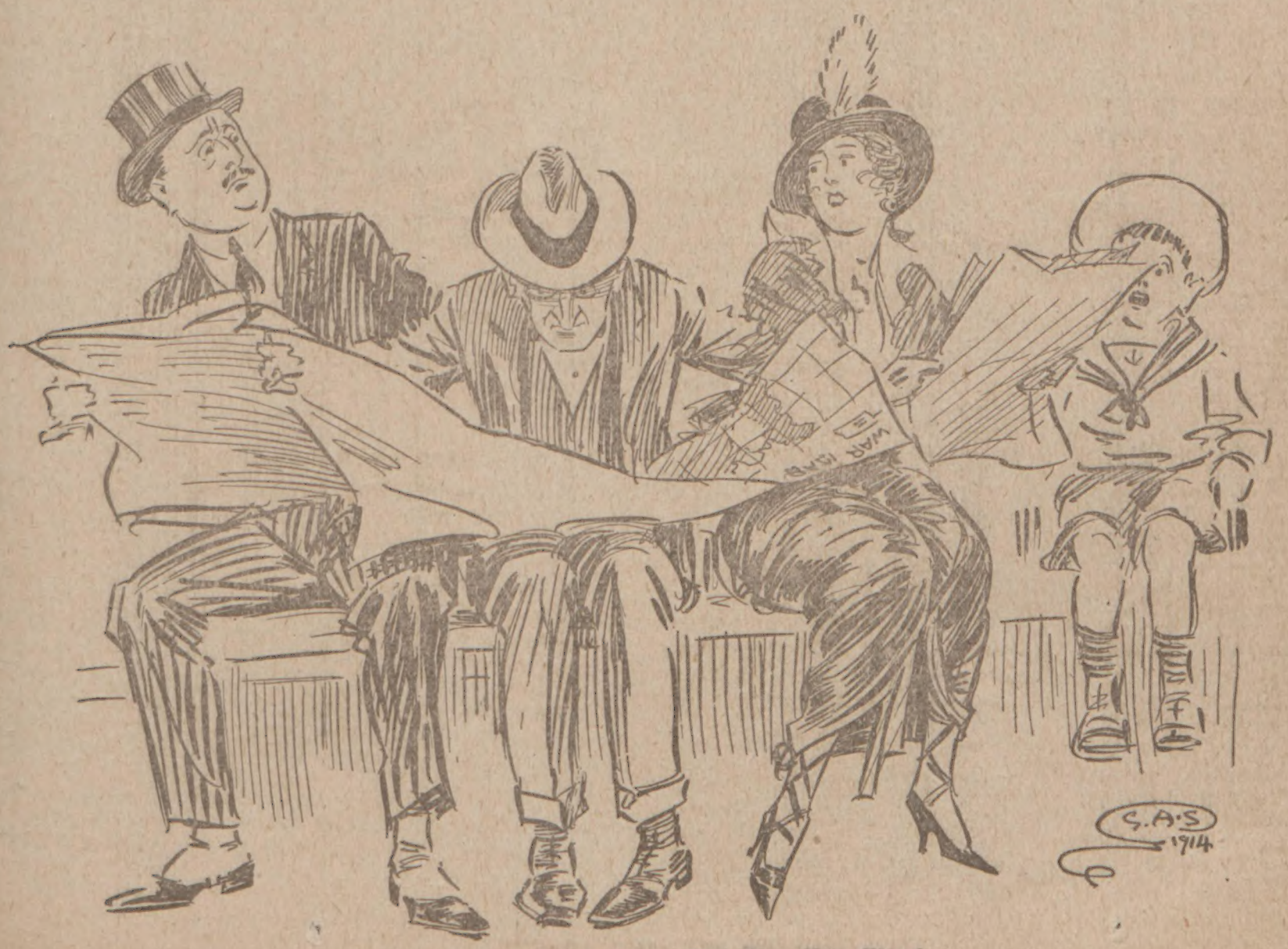
The Kaiser, on hearing of the Belgian plan to flood Antwerp, is said to have remarked "Dam it!"

* * *

The two trained elephants from the White City which have been offered to the War Office are not white elephants.

* * *

"Calling, ever calling. Living on meaning message held," reads an "agony." A cheap way, certainly, in these hard times.



People we shall never miss: The War Map Fiend.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.

When the French lads and lasses shouted to the British troops at Boulogne, "Vive Kitchener!" "Vere's Kitchener?" they put their fingers, or rather their throats, upon the brightest spot in the history that is being manufactured all around us at the present moment. In a word Lord Kitchener seems almost to have taken charge of England and the interests of the Empire in a way that, when you come to look at it, is not a little startling to us, brought up among the traditions that have made our country. For we see the Secretary of State for War doing innumerable strange, yet splendid, things that would have turned grey the hair of our ancestors, educated as they were in the red tape and old-fashioned tomfoolery that, if it had not died out, might have proved disastrous to England at the present stage of her development among the nations of the world. We see hundreds of motor-'buses decorated with flaring advertisements evidently designed by the master-hand at the War Office and reminding us, in a sort of way, more of Beecham's Pills and such-like commodities than of a great historic war. We see the newspapers of England plastered with advertisements calling for recruits for "Kitchener's Army," and although it is true that the King's name is mentioned in these advertisements, it is still more prominently true that it is the personal appeal of Lord Kitchener in these advertisements that is evidently relied upon to bring our young men to the Colours. We hear stories of Lord Kitchener's doings at the War Office that show most conclusively that he is bringing to bear upon the grave situation we have to face not a little of the autocracy which, developed to inordinate lengths as it is in Germany and other countries, is a source of great danger to nations, but which, wielded with moderation and reason, as Lord Kitchener wields it, is a source of tremendous confidence to all English-speaking countries at the present difficult time. We see Lord Kitchener, who is in no sense of the word a politician, let alone a statesman, sitting in the Cabinet at Downing Street as, officially, a Liberal, but in reality a Conservative, if he is anything at all. We see, to put the whole thing in a nutshell, democratic England under a kind of benevolent despotism, in which Cabinet and Parliament, and even King, have apparently to take back seats, and may have to do so for a long, long period till this bloody war is terminated. We see the Press of England controlled and, indeed, practically wiped out so far as authentic war news is concerned, by the most determined and autocratic military man of our time. And, most wonderful of all, we see democratic England silently and gallantly standing it all for the sake of the greatness and honour of the Empire, with hardly a word of complaint, and prepared, too, to stand still more should it be necessary in the interests of the people as a whole. All of which shows to students of history that England has in her democracy the most cultured and reasonable democracy in the history of the world, and gives the lie to those who have maintained in the past that the giving of their just rights to the masses of the people was a dangerous policy that could only end in perilous enterprises and disaster to the Empire.

What sort of man, then, is this strange man, who is so largely controlling England at the present time? He must be a wonderful man, for he is not only controlling the masses of the people and inspiring in them the utmost confidence, he is controlling wonderful men in some of the leaders of the State and leading them daily at his beck and call. And that, after all, is the true test of greatness. The masses of the people can be worked and moved by able men who are clever enough to recognise their own limitations in a democratic age, clever enough to handle with the power of a great business man the patriotic emotions of a patriotic people, clever enough to finger the national stops with all the ardour and scientific skill of a great organist. But only a man with something of the stuff of real greatness in him can master the leaders of a state and sway them to his will in little and big things alike.

Napoleon was such a man, perhaps the greatest of all men in this respect, certainly in modern times. Generals and statesmen were but puppets in his hand. The littleness of even the so-called great ones of the earth was never more exemplified than in his case. And it is because Lord Kitchener has something, though by no means all, of Napoleon's qualities, that he occupies the startling position that is his to-day, and bids fair, if this war goes all right, to stand perhaps second only to Napoleon in the estimation of future historians. Lord Kitchener has the wonderful magnetic personality that Napoleon had—not a charming personality, be it noted, but a magnetic personality that can almost hypnotise all who stand in his presence, and make men feel that they are in the presence of an almost uncanny power. This is the secret of it all, allied to tremendous powers of application and organization. But with all this, Lord Kitchener stands far below Napoleon in one especial thing, and it is here, in recognising his limitations, that the Secretary of State for War shows the supremacy of his master mind. He never attempts too much, and never tries what he knows is perhaps beyond him. Had he wished it, it is long odds that he could at the present moment have been in command of our army on the French frontier. But he is almost deficient in the warlike spirit of a man like Napoleon. He has none of that withering ambition to fight and win for his own personal glory on every battlefield in Europe—the consuming ambition that first made and then destroyed the great Emperor of the French, and without which no immortal soldier can be made. Lord Kitchener, indeed, as all the Army knows, is neither a great stategist nor a great soldier, in the mere fighting sense of the word. In Egypt he organised victory and sent others to get it. In South Africa he sat in his office in Pretoria and hardly ever saw a shot fired after he succeeded Lord Roberts as Commander-in-Chief. He is doing the same to-day, and though the actual glory may not be his in the martial schoolbooks of the future, though French and Smith-Dorrien and Haig may become names of immortality in the records of actual battle, the name of Kitchener most assuredly will be emblazoned high on the roll of honour that contains the names of those who have seized the opportunity to mould a great democracy to purposes of honour, and to organize and move their fellow-countrymen to a triumphant march over hills of difficulty to the valleys of peace and plenty among the nations.

JONATHAN GRUB STRETE.

The milk of human kindness is apt to be well watered.

* * *

You can't make a fortune by turning it over in your mind.

* * *

A woman can't help her looks, but her looks can often help her.

* * *

The funny things that happen to other people are never funny when they happen to you.

* * *

3 Dozen Pills 3d.
War and Economy. (Advt.)

A hint for the Government in view of a possible shortage of lead for bullets.

* * *

That dear old lady has been at it again. Having read a lot about a certain Armageddon recently in the war news, she wishes to know to what nation the gallant general belongs.

* * *

It is a waste of time for some men to collect their thoughts.

* * *

It may be a good thing to love one's enemies, but there are times when it is better still to know how to fight them.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

When Balmoral is likely to see the King and Queen again? And whether the Deeside palace will not be lent to Princess Henry of Battenberg, so that the good folk on Deeside shall not be disappointed?

* * *

Or whether the Queen-Mother will get it, with old Sir Dighton Probyn at Abergeldie, now that she is unable to go to Hvidoere, and may not be able to meet her sister from Russia again for years! (One never knows!).

* * *

Whether the shootings in Scotland will be worth anything to the millionaires when all the smart shots have gone to the war?

* * *

Who is the prominent musical comedy actress who, owing to the theatrical slump, is "acting" as parlourmaid at a West End mansion?

* * *

What has Buckingham Palace done with the Kaiser's British uniforms?

* * *

Is not a certain very well known peeress serving bread and dripping to her guests at afternoon tea?

* * *

Has there not been a great rush among expectant co-respondents to enlist?

* * *

Who is the "war correspondent" who writes such graphic "dispatches" in the public house off Fleet Street?

* * *

Do not some of the despatch riders know precious little about their new motor cycles, and was it not very galling for two of them to be forced to accept the lady's offer to "put it right" in the Edgeware Road?

* * *

Who was the wag that wittily characterised Mr. H. Jackson's editorship of "T.P.'s Weekly" as "Holbrook's sauce"?

* * *

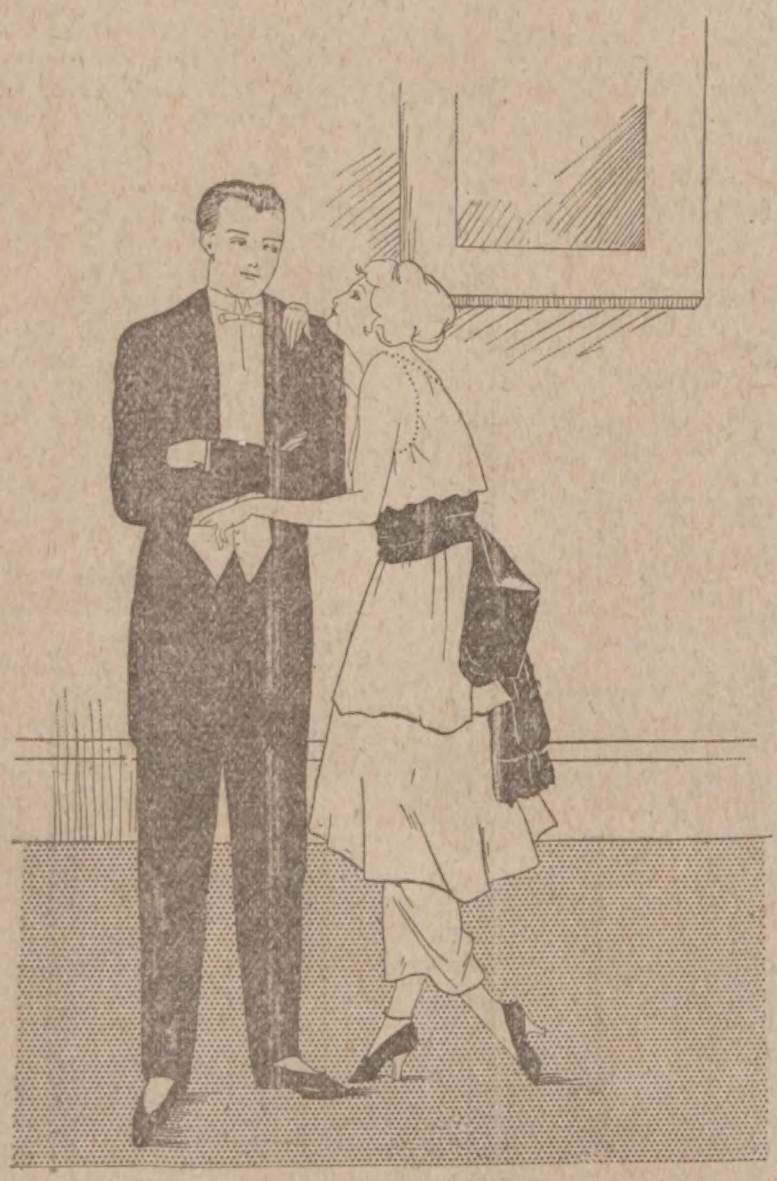
Whether Mr. John Long wouldn't like some of the nutty stories of Royalty—especially King Edward—which Mrs. Arthur James and Mrs. George Keppel are telling one another at Glenquoich?

* * *

Whether the King of the Belgians' long-deferred state visit to London will not now be the first Royal pageant when Peace is proclaimed? And whether King George is not proud to call Albert I. "cousin," especially seeing that he was named after Consort Albert, who was King George's own grandfather?

* * *

How Lady Rosemary Leveson Gower, who has gone to Belgium as a Red-Cross nurse, likes being mistaken in the papers for her mother, the widowed Duchess? And whether the whole idea is not to dispel the gloom of that disappointing love affair of Lady Rosemary's two years ago?



Mining Term: Extracting Gold from Nuts.

If a commendable economy is being practised in Prince Arthur of Connaught's household, making even the judicious tradesmen grieve?

* * *

What kind of offering the Kaiser sent to the Emperor Francis Joseph on the latter's 85th birthday?

* * *

Why they searched the popular Jesuit Retreat-house at Old Isleworth for "spies"?

* * *

What does the August "World's Work" mean by the statement that "England has no better friend in Europe than the Kaiser"?

* * *

If "Plum" Warner was pleased with his reception by the Lords crowd after his experience in the Remount Department?

* * *

If the large crowd that saw Cardinals Bourne and Gasquet leave London for Rome realised that they were witnessing an unique episode in the history of the Catholic Church in England?

* * *

What famous London publishing house is going to close down as a result of the war?

* * *

If the submarine sunk by H.M.S. "Birmingham" was sunk quite in the manner described by the despatches?

* * *

If a good deal of surprise would not be caused by the disclosure of the identity of the woman dressed as a nun who was found in Hyde Park suffering from the effects of poisoning?

* * *

Is it true that one of our leading general officers forecasted with exactness the lines of the Germans' plan of campaign and the precise date when they would strike?

* * *

What were the exact terms of Lord Kitchener's salutary threat to the titled chief of the Yellow (Press) Peril?

* * *

Whether Field-Marshals Lord Grenfell and Lord Methuen are not chafing at their inactivity?

* * *

Who started the silly story that the Italian Ambassador, when lunching at Pagani's, gave away matters of high politics in a general conversation?

* * *

What price Mr. J. T. Grein's "German Theatre in London"?

TABLOID TOPICS.

"Japan Moves."—*Daily Mail.*
It always was a place for earthquakes.

* * *

At the Zoo war bulletins are posted opposite the kangaroo shed. Giving the bounders a chance.

* * *

No one eats German sausages (made at Islington) now. Thank heaven it's not the wurst that can befall us.

* * *

A Suffragette with her mouth closed has just been arrested on a charge of carrying a concealed weapon.

* * *

Several German spies disguised as nuns have been arrested. Their disguise was evidently without a veil.

* * *

"Nuts," says the *Grocer*, "are likely to be dearer now." Especially to the girls they leave behind them.

* * *

The baby giraffe at the Regent's Park menagerie has been dubbed "Little Liège." Intended as a neckname, eh!

* * *

"The Kaiser takes the field," was a placard the other day. As a mere exercise canter, of course, for gathering in the rest of the globe.

* * *

Five thousand Cape niggers have volunteered for active service. That they should have wanted to join the colours is only natural.

* * *

"Many prisoners in our gaols have offered to fight." —*Evening News.* So far, however, the warders have been able to maintain order.

* * *

A number of London motor 'buses were used to convey our troops to the front. There were never so many Generals in the field before.

* * *

The Germans have been in the habit of referring to the Belgians as "little tin soldiers." The Belgians have certainly proved their metal.

* * *

Men with tender feet are undesirable as soldiers. No feats of arms for those who in drill are only good at the halt. They are rejected in toto.

* * *

Many members of the theatrical profession who have enrolled as special constables are congratulating themselves that for once they have acted with the approval of the public.

* * *

Much annoyance has been caused in Wales by the description "Europe's David" as applied to Belgium. It is felt that the expression should be appropriated to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

* * *

Globe headline:—

"Comments of a Motorist."

And we always thought that the *Globe* was such an ultra-respectable paper!

* * *

The *Star*, in describing a recent wedding, states that "On account of the regiment being ordered on active service *only* the colonel, officers and men of the regiment and the parents of the bride were present." A wedding without a bridegroom is certainly something in the way of a novelty.

* * *

"The price of bread has just been fixed by the authorities at 32 centimes the kilometre."—*Globe.*

So you can get a couple of yards of French roll for about half-a-farthing. Not bad for war-time.—*Punch.*

Well, *we* think the arithmetic is shockingly bad—even for war-time.

OUR PIPE AND TABOR BUREAU.

Since the outbreak of the Great European War, the Editor has been inundated with martial poetry, in all degrees of frenzy, from every corner of these islands, and he really thinks that his myriad correspondents deserve something more than "The Editor's Compliments" this time. Much, however, as he would like to print every effusion at length, he points out that this would mean devoting every issue of his journal to them until somewhen in the nineteen-thirties, to the exclusion of all other matter. He proposes, therefore, to notice a few of the more striking battle-songs with which he has been regaled, and disclaims all responsibility for the noms-de-guerre assumed by the various minstrels.

"William Shakespeare" (Balham).—The policy of expressing patriotic sentiment in the vernacular of Aldgate is perhaps open to question; but it is easy to see that you feel a good deal about things. Why do you place the "e" before the "i" in Liége? "Antelope" does not rhyme very neatly with "Cape of Good Hope," and neither appears to have any great bearing on the subject in hand. Are you by any chance the author of that inspiring pacifist poem which begins:

"There aint goin' to be no war
While we got a King like Good King Hedward . . ."?

* * *

"Somerset Lady" (Reigate).—There is genuine fervour in your fearless music, which rises in places to almost Whitmanesque heights. You should not, however, allow the Columbian singer to influence your art too strongly. We notice, for instance, that only four of your 88 lines scan, but perhaps this is a venial fault in days of great national stress. Don't overdo the "rally's." You have seventeen of them in one verse, which is too much. And do not call "the flag" a "rag," this being the name we give to a low type of newspaper, such as—but we are too busy to risk a libel action just at present. We are sending you a patriotic poem by our little niece Felicia (aged five), which you may like to see.

* * *

"Laureate" (Lambeth).—No, we do not think this effusion would stand much chance with the London "Times." They have already engaged a distinguished poet to write their war-songs; and he would feel rather piqued, no doubt, if dismissed in favour of an unknown author, however promising. If you have £500 to spare, you might get the editor of the "Daily Whale" to print your poem as a full-page advertisement, but we are not sanguine. Have you ever heard of a Mr. Rudyard Kipling? He is said to be quite a competent writer of patriotic verse. You might find out more about him, and study his methods.

* * *

"Alfred Noisette" (Rottingdean).—Your genial hint that you are one of the nuts has not escaped us. Give your poem another title than "The Battle of the Baltic," which we seem to have heard before, and exercise a little more artistic restraint in the matter of blood. Even in the fiercest encounters the combatants are seldom up to their knees in it.

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine"

is quite a good line, and not irrelevant to a sea-and-battle theme; but unhappily you are a bit late in the day with it. Some say that Bacon wrote the line, but we have not yet seen it ascribed to you.

* * *

"Otto Blumenschmidt" (Mile End).—Did you send us your poem "To H—— with Germany!" because ours is a humorous paper?

GILBERT HY. COLLINS.

Mr. Lewis Waller is to appear in a new play entitled "The Other Side of Love." Not the dark side, if we know anything of Mr. Waller's fondness for limelight.

"Oh to be in Belgium now that Nurse is there!"
(With acknowledgments to Browning).

According to reports, the Kaiser's troops have been guilty of gross barbarism. German barberism in this country is happily declining.

* * *

"By order of the Lords ommissioners of the Admiralty."—*Daily News.* This cheap sarcasm is rather ill-timed in a crisis like the present.

* * *

Railway services on some lines have been quite dislocated. The passengers on one suburban line said to be so affected have so far noticed no difference.

* * *

"The last thing a successful officer requires," says a handbook for young policemen, "is self-advertisement." We fear greatly for the success of the many actors enrolled as special constables.

A railway porter expresses surprise at the comments on the scarcity of small change which, he says, he has noticed all his life.

* * *

The *British Weekly* says that the jingo lyre is mute. Yet it was found expedient to establish a Press Bureau to supply reliable information.

* * *

Fruit is cheaper this season than it has been for many years past. So Lever Brothers, with their usual business perspicacity, have been buying up Pears.

* * *

The English rustics being taught wood-work with a view of annexing the German toy trade, are said to have expressed the opinion that the capture of the lager beer trade would be more in their line.

BY THE WAY.

I am afraid that some of our ancient nobility have not taken kindly to the wholesale commandeering of horses. Quite a number of estimable people—happily exceptions—have sent indignant protests to the War Office authorities at what they have been pleased to call the "theft" of their carriage horses and hacks. But it is surprising to find one of the King's equerries (Colonel Sir Arthur Davidson) among this number. The gentleman in question was recently called upon, at his country seat in Sussex, to contribute one horse to the needs of the local yeomanry, and so resented the request that he actually wired to the King and to Prince Christian! His Majesty's reply was brief and to the point, "Don't you think it is the proper thing to do in the circumstances?" His Majesty, by the way, has not only set a noble example to his subjects by ordering plain living at the Royal table, but has intimated to the War Office his readiness to let them have any of the valuable animals at Buckingham Palace mews if required.

* * *

Mr. Vanderbilt, the American millionaire, who has run coaches in England, chiefly for his private pleasure, is another notable individual who has come in conflict with the "horse thieves." The enormously wealthy "whip" keeps relays of coaching teams at his place in Sussex, and not many days ago he was offered a price for the animals. Our American friend declined the overtures, and when pressed pleaded American citizenship! This is all very well, but what would not Mr. Vanderbilt's many friends have thought of him if, out of his vast wealth, he had generously given a few horses to the country in which he has for so long enjoyed so much hospitality and friendship?

A good story of Kitchener—which is quite true—is being told just now. It seems that a certain colonel of yeomanry and an enthusiastic Territorial had, with much trouble and at no small personal expense, collected a particularly fine selection of mounts for his regiment, when he received instructions to hand them over for the use of the British Expeditionary Force. Naturally somewhat irate at this seizure, he wired to Kitchener, "I collected these animals for the use of my own regiment and think that in the circumstances," etc. Kitchener replied, "You collected the horses not for your regiment but for the country."

* * *

I happened to be at a well-known up-river resort a couple of days ago (Skindles), and found the German flag being used as a doormat at the entrance to the hotel. I have not the slightest pity for the German militarists and bureaucrats, and their braggart King, but isn't this a little low down from a British point of view?

* * *

* * *

The chances of a Zeppelin airship raid on the metropolis have been engaging the active attention of the War Office. It is very likely true that any such raiders wouldn't be able to get back again, but having done their damage would they require to get back? When someone remarked that if Napoleon had thrown 100,000 men into England he couldn't have got them out again, our greatest soldier quietly said, "But would he have wanted to get them out?"

* * *

The Earl of Dundonald, who is commanding a corps of the Veteran Reserve, is a busy man to-day. His lordship, who has never cared for the conventions of Town life, rents a lovely old house in Wimbledon Park, and, having placed his car at the disposal of the War Office, he now journeys by the humble train from Southfields Station. It will be recalled that Lord Dundonald was the "first man in" at the relief of Ladysmith. He intends, "one of these days," to edit a biography of the ninth Earl of Dundonald—not the great sailor, but his father, who was a remarkable genius in connexion with many scientific inventions which he anticipated in the eighteenth century.

* * *

But for a timely change of title in the case of the Haymarket piece, two plays would shortly have been running at two West End theatres entitled respectively, "Tante" and "My Aunt." (The last-mentioned adaptation of a French farce, at the Vaudeville, serves to reintroduce Miss Lottie Venne to London playgoers, for which relief much thanks). Oddly enough, the alteration of title referred to appears to have been absolutely unpremeditated.

* * *

The lakh of rupees sent by the Regent of Bhopal to the Prince of Wales's Fund is a contribution from a province renowned as the best-governed native state of our Indian Empire. "It was not ever thus," though, for the Begum of Bhopal and the Ranee of Jhansi used to be two of the most inveterate foes of the English "raj"—leading their own troops in the field, and riding astride like men. Bhopal was founded by the celebrated Dost Mahommed in 1723.

* * *

Some of the Territorials seem to be having rather a rough time. I met a friend last week, who assured me that he hadn't enjoyed a square meal since mobilisation. Certainly the menu sounded

"How do you get on with Jones?"
"Oh, he's all right I suppose—but—er——"
"That's so; he wouldn't lend me half a dollar either."

rather dull. Lunch, for instance, in his case, stood for cold meat and bread, while tea—at four or five o'clock—was apparently the last meal of the day. He has been stationed in London, and no doubt the commissariat will buck up when he gets into the country again. As a matter of fact, however, most of the Terriers have plenty of money to spend on supplementing Kitchener's food supply At the Corner House there are always several having dinner at night. Each man received £5 mobilisation money and is paid 10s. a week in addition to what his ordinary employers allow him. So he has nothing to grumble at, even if straw does take the place of the customary mattress.

* * *

The best advice that could be given to anyone in a subordinate position is "join the Army." Not only will he be assisting his country at an anxious epoch, but he will be serving his own interests. He will then be ineligible for the ranks of the great army of the unemployed, which is gathering force every day. The newspapers have abstained from publishing figures—perhaps because their own staffs have been similarly affected—but no one who makes enquiries could fail to be impressed with the vast number of persons who have lost their situations. One West-End store has discharged 200 girls, and a shipping company have dealt likewise with 300 women. On an average one clerk in five has lost his situation, and an enormous proportion are working on half salaries. In one day one manager cancelled seven theatrical tours, and hundreds of music-hall artistes are receiving practically nothing. There will be a still darker hour before the dawn—so join the Army!

* * *

They are getting very priggish down at Richmond. Almost everyone knows Richmond Terrace—famous alike for pretty views and ditto faces. During the last year or so the road running alongside has become the rendezvous for motor cyclists. Immaculate riders and glistening machines used to line the roadway, while the sidecar or back carrier was looking for a tenant. As a rule it wasn't long before a pretty flapper had filled that position and then—there were the winding romantic roads of the Park along which to course. Now that is all changed and a young policeman acts the part of the erstwhile flapper. He approaches the motorist but does *not* enter the sidecar. Instead he orders, "Move on please!"

* * *

The alleged suicide of General von Emmich and at least one other German officer of rank has its most probable elucidation in the Prussian army tradition that any officer shall be "broke" as the result of only one blunder. The most conspicuous case, of course, was that of General von Steinmetz, who was relieved from his command in August, 1870, as being mainly responsible for the awful slaughter of German troops in the bloody battle of Gravelotte (St. Privat)—and von Emmich found his Gravelotte in front of the Liège forts. By the way, the Germans christen as many of their warships after great soldiers—as "Von Goegen," "Von der Tann," etc.—as we do after great admirals, for the simple reason that they haven't yet had any great fighting sailor.

* * *

Gumbinnen, a town which has been figuring freely in the Russian advance into East Prussia, was the scene of Marshal Ney's dramatic arrival at the close of the retreat from Moscow in 1812. All unkempt, bearded, and in tatters, the "bravest of the brave" said to those about him, "I am the rear-guard of the grand army—I have fired the last musket-shot—I am Marshal Ney."

* * *

The Black Watch, or "Forty-twa," who are winning fresh laurels a stone's throw from their great battle-field of ninety-nine years ago, cherish fragrant memories of General "Andy" Wauchope, who fell at the wire entanglements on the bloody field of Magersfontein. In Soudan days, when our boats were toiling over the Nile cataracts, a sharp retort from a boat in difficulties caused a dignified figure in khaki to ask, "Do you know who I am, sir? I'm Colonel Primrose, of the Guards." Whereupon a grimy and dishevelled figure rose up from the offending boat and retorted, "And d'you know who *I* am, sir? I'm Colonel Wauchope, of the Black Watch—so honours are easy!"

I was speaking to a Russian officer who was serving in the fleet that was destroyed by Togo's squadron in the Sea of Japan nine years ago. He told me that his luckless countrymen had "not only never witnessed such a fire, but never imagined anything like it." It was simply impossible to try to count the number of projectiles hurled upon the Russians by the little Japs. My informant actually saw a steel plate catch fire—"of course, the steel didn't burn, but the paint on it did." And he adds that iron ladders were crumpled up into rings, guns hurled from their mountings, and such well-nigh incombustible materials as hammocks and boxes drenched with water flared up in an instant!

* * *

Apropos, do you remember poor Laurence Irving's Japanese-Franco-German references in "Typhoon"? Dr. Takeromo's French valet fires up on hearing the "Marseillaise," saying that "We mean to have back the two provinces they robbed us of." "And have you never robbed other nations, Georges? What about Tonquin?" "Oh, that's only in Asia." "So is Japan in Asia, Georges."

THE LOITERER.

EUGENICS.

She (after seeing her literary fiancé in a bathing-suit for the first time): "For goodness sake, Henry, say something brilliant!"

French troops on leaving for the front were exhorted to bring back the clocks taken away by the Germans in 1870. We think it will only be a matter of time.

MORE OR LESS.

Trimmings.

No, I am not going to say one word about the war this week. "We don't want realities from you," as a literary friend gently reminded me when we met last week, and he observed he had lately noticed a war-like tendency in my writings. "What we expect from you is trimmings." I don't know whether he expects me to be so far detached from current events as to follow the example of that ingenuous lady who has lately been advertising in the papers for "a furnished house detached from the military." But if he does he is wrong. I have no objections to a furnished house provided it includes the military. Like every other woman I simply love a man in uniform. I don't know whether it's the buttons, or the braid or the cuffs, or what. Of course, I know that in war-time every soldier has to look as much like a brown paper parcel as possible. It is only in times of peace that one gets the red coat and the trimmings. When you come to think of it, what would life be without its trimmings—powder-puffs and Elinor Glyn novels and love and free stalls for the theatre and other little things like that? Living may be an essential fact, but it is the little things about it that go to make it essential.

* * *

A Hose Paragraph.

A charming little story comes from Paris. It tells of how a certain Swedish actress, for some unaccountable reason charged in the public street with being a German spy, saved the situation by exhibiting a dainty foot. "You see this? Do you call it German?" she asked indignantly. Of course, nobody did, and the nimble-minded lady returned in triumph to her hotel. A pretty foot has always been the weak spot in the male heel. My metaphor may seem a bit mixed, but I dare say you know what I mean. Much may be forgiven a pretty face, but more is forgiven a pretty foot. It's all very well to have a nice beginning, but you must have a nice ending as well. Beauty in blacking would be inconceivable. A few years ago our feet were the joy of foreign artists. Englishwomen were always represented as people in seven-league boots, square-toed and flat-heeled, and then little by little we succumbed to silken hose and high-heeled shoes, and now quite boldly we wear fairy foot-gear of every conceivable shape and colouring. "You're not going out in those!" the average man will say, disdainfully pointing to the cardboard soles and general paper-like fabric of our one-day shoes. But he knows we are, and in his heart of hearts is glad that the day of the sensible shoe is past and that frail foot-gear reigns supreme. For one thing, he is quite certain that the girl he escorts will never be taken for a Suffragette. Fancy a Suffragette in silk stockings! It's a funny thing, but when you come to think of it it's generally the people who are called "blue stockings" who are the last ones in the world to wear anything but pure cashmere-black.

He: "You know, they are spoiling this club by allowing so many women to join."
She: "Well, they evidently cannot get gentlemen nowadays."

Certainly Not!

"Should engaged couples spend their holidays together?" someone asked me the other day. "Duly chaperoned, of course," she hastened to add in view of a possible mistake on my part. Well, upon my word I don't know. Engaged couples seem to belong to a race apart. They are a compound of tiger and turtle-dove. One moment they are up in the heights, next moment down in the depths, both of which positions seem to be unsatisfactory as preparations for the joys of a semi-detached villa and a semi-detached life. You are never sure of a lover. He is never sure of himself, by the way. A man in love may be a fool, but he is never so far gone as to imagine that the rose of romance is destitute of thorns. The man who believes a woman to be an angel deserves to marry one and keep her wings clean ever after. Personally, I am convinced that the less an engaged couple see of each other in the intimacy of daily life the more chance they have of getting married. If Edwin ever sees Angelina by accident in curl-papers, and Angelina, by accident, overhears Edwin's language when he has lost his collar stud—well, good-bye to any rosy chance of matrimony. No; lovers belong to a world apart from that of egg and bacon and the morning paper. The twilight hours, when attuned by circumstance, and a kindly nook or lamp-shade to amorous dalliance, should, if only in self-defence, be allotted to them. If I were an engaged girl, and there wasn't a garden and a handy moon available, I should hang on to my red lamp-shade for all I was worth. As for holiday-making with the young man I hoped to marry, making myself look like a scarecrow bathing, burning the skin off my face cycling, going long walks in the sun and rain, and having to talk pretty nothings all the time—no, thank you. I hope I should have too much sense. It doesn't matter a bit what you do when you're married. More the man doesn't care. He knows the worst

LOUISE HEILGERS.

"A MAGNIFICENT SEA VIEW."

Letter from Mr. Samuel Bucksley, 19 Lord's Avenue, Brightport, to Mrs. Halton, of Brightport, at London:—

"Mr. Samuel Bucksley desires to remind Mrs. Halton of her advertisement re the premises at the above address. In her advertisement Mrs. Halton plainly stated that from these premises at 19 Lord's Avenue a magnificent sea view could be obtained. Mr. Bucksley writes to inform Mrs. Halton that such is not the case, and desires to know what will be done in regard to this matter."

Mrs. Halton to Mr. Bucksley:—

"Mrs. Halton is in receipt of Mr. Samuel Bucksley's letter of yesterday's date and notes contents. In reply Mrs. Halton begs to state that her advertisement was literally correct and would be glad to know if Mr. Bucksley has yet inspected the attic."

Mr. Bucksley to Mrs. Halton:—

"Mr. Samuel Bucksley has received Mrs. Halton's extraordinary communication of even date and is astonished at the unsatisfactory contents of same. Mr. and Mrs. Bucksley have however duly inspected the attic, but regret to inform Mrs. Halton that even there, as far as a sea view is concerned, that which the poet has so charmingly called 'the voiceful blue' might be non-existent. Mr. Bucksley feels he may mention that he has even stood on the bed, but from that coign of vantage the blue canopy of heaven is the only prospect. Mr. Bucksley would be glad, therefore, to hear further from Mrs. Halton."

Mrs. Halton to Mr. Bucksley:—

"From Mr. Samuel Bucksley's letter presently to hand Mrs. Halton observes that both Mr. and Mrs. Bucksley have duly inspected the attic, but from the fact of Mr. Bucksley only perceiving the blue canopy of heaven from his coign of vantage on the bed Mrs. Halton deduces that Mr. Bucksley is short of stature, as when Mr. Halton stands on the bed he can always obtain a magnificent view of the sea. However Mrs. Halton desires to inform Mr. Bucksley that in the large cupboard in the kitchen a tall strong stool may be found, and begs to suggest that with the attic-bed plus the stool Mr. Bucksley will procure the sea view which he covets. Mrs, Halton trusts that this will now put the matter right."

Mr. Bucksley to Mrs. Halton:—

"Mr. Samuel Bucksley has read Mrs. Halton's letter received this morning and is glad to note that she shares his appreciation of the poets. He would point out, however, that Mrs. Halton's suggestions, however kindly meant, do not improve matters in the slightest degree. Indeed, Mrs. Bucksley, to whose enjoyment of a holiday a sea view is a *sine qua non*, has, through following Mrs. Halton's suggestions, sustained a strained neck owing to her craning that portion of her body in order to view the sea. Although Mr. Samuel Bucksley must now perforce allow that a sea view —while not a 'magnificent' one—is possible in Mrs. Halton's premises at the above address, he feels certain that she will readily admit the absurdity of his risking his life in order to obtain it. Again, Mrs. Halton cannot surely expect Mrs. Bucksley, who is in a delicate state of health, to occupy a precarious position on a stool some six feet from the floor to view a strip of sea which, to the eye, measures only seven inches by four inches. Mr. Bucksley assures Mrs. Halton that these figures are accurate, and asks what will be done in the matter of Mrs. Bucksley's neck and in the matter of the magnificent sea view as advertised."

Mrs. Halton to Mr. Bucksley:—

"It is with deep regret that Mrs. Halton learns from Mr. Bucksley's letter now to hand that Mrs. Bucksley has strained her neck. Mrs. Halton would inform Mr. Bucksley that in the small cupboard in the kitchen a tin containing a medicinal preparation may be found, and although Mrs. Halton holds no brief for this preparation she feels sure that, if a small quantity is assiduously rubbed in at the strained part of Mrs. Buckley's neck it must prove highly beneficial. In regard to the matter of the sea view, Mrs. Halton respectfully begs to suggest that a board could be laid on the bed to provide a stable base for the stool, thus rendering the position to be occupied by Mrs. Bucksley no longer precarious. Mrs. Halton hopes that there will now be no cause for further complaint."

Mr. Bucksley to Mrs. Halton:—

"Referring to Mrs. Halton's letter of same date Mr. Samuel Bucksley desires to inform her that the medicinal preparation in the tin found in the small cupboard in the kitchen has already lessened the pain of Mrs. Bucksley's strained neck to a considerable extent, but in regard to the matter of the sea view Mr. Bucksley begs to intimate to Mrs. Halton that he is still far from satisfied. He wishes to insinuate that, to view a strip of sea previously described as measuring seven inches by four inches, it is not worth going to the trouble Mrs. Halton suggests he should go to, and he would like to hear still further from Mrs. Halton in regard to this."

Mr. James Halton to Mr. Samuel Bucksley:—

"Mr. James Halton personally replies to Mr. Samuel Bucksley's latest letter addressed to Mrs. Halton, as Mrs. Halton, through worry, is now confined to bed by doctor's orders. From experience Mr. Halton is of opinion that Mr. Bucksley's measurements of the sea view have been taken with the attic window shut. Mr. Halton therefore thinks that Mr. Bucksley should open the window, when no doubt a better view will be obtained."

Mr. Bucksley to Mr. Halton:—

'Mr. Bucksley is deeply grieved to hear of Mrs. Halton's indisposition and sincerely hopes she may soon recover. In regard to the alleged sea view Mr. Bucksley finds that what Mr. Halton states is correct, but he is still unsatisfied. Mr. Bucksley feels sure that Mr. Halton, when it is pointed out to him, will readily understand that for Mrs. Bucksley to perch herself on a stool balanced on a bed is an action unbecoming to a lady. Mr. Samuel Bucksley will be glad, therefore, to know what will be done in the matter."

Mr. Halton to Mr. Bucksley:—

"Oh, go to blazes!"

ERIC DE BANZIE.

THE SPY.

A peasant girl sat upon a haystack, knitting a scarf of tricolour, and humming softly beneath her breath.

Over the crest of a neighbouring hill a cloud of dust, pierced by the glittering of spiked helmets in the sun, moved ominously towards her along the white road that stretched like a pale ribbon between fields of golden corn. Out of the corners of her dark eyes the girl watched its progress anxiously. Fear gripped her heart, laid cold, paralysing hands upon her beating pulses, yet her brown fingers never faltered in their task, the notes of the pastoral love song trilled unbroken from her poppy coloured lips.

Ten minutes later a Prussian officer drew rein before her, and inclining above his horse's steaming flanks addressed her in harsh guttural French:

"I search for a spy who has escaped along this road. Have the goodness to tell me if you have seen anything of him."

"A spy, Monsieur?"

The coloured scarf dropped limply into the girl's lap, the large, wondering brown eyes were lifted with the naiveté of a child to the stern face of her interlocutor.

"And would he be dressed after the manner of Monsieur?" she continued innocently.

"Donnerwetter, no! He is a rat of a Frenchman in the uniform of a mountebank."

The brown eyes opened wider.

"I have never seen anyone of that description in my life," she disclaimed earnestly. "Our soldiers are all splendid fellows, magnifique!" and she clasped her hands in a sudden burst of enthusiasm. "Perhaps they have not such fine hats as Monsieur—with the little church spires coming out of the top—but, all the same——"

A flash of annoyance crossed the officer's face. The suspicion that she was deliberately poking fun at him was not pleasant.

"Have a care, Mademoiselle!" he cautioned sharply. "This is no time for idle jesting. Once more I ask you if you have seen a young French soldier pass along this way? He cannot have gone far and is without doubt in hiding. In any case I shall be obliged to make a search." And he waved his hand vaguely towards the little grey-stone farmhouse nestling among a group of trees in the background.

For the merest fraction of a second the girl's eyes darted anxiously across a wheatfield which lay between the farm and the blue-green fringe of a pine forest in the distance. Then she smiled back fearlessly into the man's face.

"As Monsieur will," she replied prettily. "Though now that you have explained to me that it is a French soldier you are looking for—why, I can save you all the further trouble by telling you at once where you will find him."

There was a sparkle almost of mischief in her piquant face as she leapt lightly to the ground and stood shaking out her voluminous skirts with fastidious care.

"Voila, Monsieur! Your spy is under the hay. I have been sitting on him to keep him prisoner until you came." And pointing to the spot which she had just vacated she dropped a mocking curtsey before the soldier on horseback

But her swift glance towards the wood had not escaped the watchful eyes of the Prussian. The certainty that he was being made a fool of fired him with sudden rage. Leaning down over the arched neck of his horse he stared insultingly into the girl's upraised face.

"Very clever, very clever," he sneered, his dust-caked lips curling savagely back over his even teeth. "But not quite clever enough. No doubt it would please you to keep me here while your dog of a countryman flees to safety through the wood. Fortunately I am not such a fool. Your tricks are the tricks of a child. Mademoiselle, I have the pleasure to wish you good day." And with an elaborate salute he gathered up his reins and wheeled his horse.

As he did so the girl uttered a sharp, stifled cry and darting forward, seized the bridle in both hands.

"*Mais, nom de Jésu*, what I tell you is true," she cried desperately, her show of careless indifference torn from her like a useless cloak. "Monsieur has but to look for himself."

The sardonic leer broke into an illuminating smile of triumph.

"So the she-wolf is not as brave as she thought. She whines at the first sting of the lash!"

Shaking off her hold, he dug his spurs into his horse's spume-flecked sides.

"Next time you want to fool anyone, try one of your own countrymen," he said, and with an ugly laugh rode clattering back towards the group of waiting men. A moment later a dozen horsemen were galloping across a sea of waving corn.

With strained and rigid attention the peasant girl stood watching until the last glittering spike had been swallowed up in the wood, then, with a low, choking cry of relief, she flung herself anew upon the haystack, tearing aside the masses of dry grass with eager fingers.

At the end of a minute she was clasping a young French soldier in her arms, straining his head to her beating heart.

"Jean, my darling, they have gone and you are safe," she cried hysterically, pressing her warm lips to his pale mouth.

But the boy thrust her weakly from him, a puzzled, doubting expression in his grey eyes.

"But I do not understand. You told him that I was here. You betrayed me. I heard you."

The girl laughed, a little foolish happy laugh.

"Did you suppose that he would believe me?" She demanded. "Jean, you are too simple. It needs a woman to deal with these German devils."

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